Steuen Steple to maſt Camell.

REſt ye merry bayzeyz, I troꝛw ye be maſte Cameil.
Richã on meſſage to you zent, vꝛom goodmã Geffrai Chapel
A hate ye zent a bottell a hay, and bad commaunde ma tye ye,
And voꝛ de dyng he ſpake ye to, a pꝛeyd ye dat ye wood hy ye
And zuch kynd daintrels as a had, zum draf he hate ye zent,
A zyerd ye voꝛ to gnab deron, voꝛ der is no better in Kent,
Tis goode aud zoote & alzo new, to mende your zyckyſh bꝛayn:
Voꝛ weele a zeete ye ha great ſtud, & zet your ſelf to payne,
Him braid yer wits wud zoꝛe ye bayle, ye gyn to raue zo zone,
A dynkte ye wyll be mad, al out, beuoꝛe dat May be done:
And moch he merueilt dat ye wud, zo choꝛliſhly to vm wꝛyghte,
And dat ye zent vm ſuch an Anſer, dat zounded noding ught
To Harry Hoball zyꝛ ye wꝛot, as pearit in your letter,
zwap yer ſpeckles vp ſe naſe, and looke about ye better,
And Anſer Geffray Chappell zyꝛ, dat toke ye de zupplicacion,
Voꝛ his name is not Hary whobal, ich zwear by gods zanacion
How zay ye now yoꝛe ſpeckles be on, can ye voꝛſtande his byll,
ych ween a trete ye (zereuerence a you) to do Churchard no yl
And her cha bꝛought yor byll ayen, coꝛrupt it oꝛ ich go,
Voꝛ bende gods voꝛbod man I zedge, to let it go vorth zo:
But well ich zee yor bꝛayne is dicke, yoꝛ wits be curſtly vext,
Pꝛey God ye be not zyde yoꝛ zelf, er be to moꝛow next:
Deruoꝛe go couch and ſleap a nowe, and dan com to yoꝛ parte,
And dyte a wyſer dyng dan dat, oꝛ all is not woꝛt a vart.

Now ych ha myne arnde a do,
Chud ha ye yoꝛ head to heede a
And be good maiſter Churchard to,
And zo God be yoꝛ ſpꝛede a.

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